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# THE NEW TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



Edited by M. R. Ridley, M.A.



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

by William Shakespeare



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## Editor's General Note

**The Text.** The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [ ] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

**Scene Division.** The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

**Notes.** Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

**Punctuation** adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

**Glossaries** are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.





## Preface

**The Text.** The play was printed for the first time in the First Folio. The text is on the whole good and apart from a limited number of obvious corruptions the main weakness is a good deal of mislineation. [See also note on p. 169.]

**Date of Composition.** A play of the same title, and probably this play, was registered in May 1608. An almost complete consensus of opinion puts its composition in the year 1607-8. Sir Edmund Chambers would put it early in 1607 on the evidence of alterations, apparently based on it, made by Daniel in 1607 in his *Cleopatra* of 1594.

**Source.** The main, and perhaps the only, source is North's *Plutarch*. The general run of the story, and many of the minor episodes, are taken directly from North; but, with the exception of a few passages (notably the description of Cleopatra's barge and some of Antony's dying words), the direct verbal debt is less than in *Coriolanus*.

**Duration of Action.** The historic time covered is about twelve years, from 42-30 B.C. The time represented on the stage is probably twelve days, with intervals. The detailed analysis is more complicated than profitable.

**Criticism.** The play stands apart from the 'four great tragedies.' In the first place, it is a 'love tragedy,' in a sense the *Romeo and Juliet* of a mature man; and that the man who wrote

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the one play could within twelve or thirteen years write the other shows the bitter rapidity of the maturing. In the second place, we feel in reading it little of that sense of waste which we feel in reading the others. When Antony says 'the nobleness of life is to do thus,' we know that his values in general are wrong, but that for himself, and perhaps too for Cleopatra, he is stating the mere truth. Their passion ennobles them as nothing else ever has or ever could, but also as, if they were in themselves nobler, it would not. And we know, too, that for the world it is better that the course of the Roman state should on, cracking their link asunder. (It is worth noticing how strongly in the first three acts by touch after touch the relentless greatness of Rome is forced upon us, and how helpless before it we feel even Cleopatra, even Antony, to be, or any individual however great.)

Coleridge's estimate of the play is well known. "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which its perusal always occasions in me, whether it is not in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of the *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Hamlet*." Even a momentary doubt whether *Antony and Cleopatra* may not be ranked along with the other four is surely just a critical aberration. The play has little dramatic tension, none of that complication followed by explication of plot that marks the others, none of that slowly tightening strain upon the emotions which, particularly in *Othello*, becomes so nearly intolerable. But that is not to say that Shakespeare tried to write a tragedy like *Othello* or *Hamlet* and failed; he tried to write a drama of a different order, and royally succeeded. The different order may be also an inferior order, but for sheer technical brilliance the play is Shakespeare's high-water mark. In the first place he is handling recal-

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citrant material. The story of Antony's relations to Cleopatra is not essentially dramatic at all; there is no progress, merely an oscillation. Under various influences—loyalty to Octavia, loyalty to Rome, and, by far the strongest, love of being a great fighting general and leading his adoring troops—Antony swings like a compass needle, but comes to rest always pointing again to the inevitable north. And if this is to be made a great subject, Antony must be given a greatness other than that of his character. We must feel him as a figure whose fate matters to the world; we must ourselves stand under the 'arch of the rang'd empire'; we must not only be told that he is the triple pillar of the world, we must see him so, as the great triumvir, or we care little whether or no he is transformed into a strumpet's fool. And so Shakespeare discards the unities and hurries us about the world, so that we feel the surge of great events and Antony's greatness among them, as determined things hold their way to destiny. And the greater that Antony is made, even in this way, the greater, by an illogical but natural implication, do we feel to be the woman who so enslaves him, and (moving farther round the same circle) the greater she becomes the less do we feel wonder or distress at Antony's subjugation.

As to the style of the play, Coleridge comes nearest to describing it in his two famous phrases, one quoted and one his own, 'feliciter audax' and 'happy valiancy.' The play is full of phrases like *the odds is gone*, *And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon*, phrases which yield their content only to the reader who runs, and not to the reader who stumbles into them with dictionary and grammar. And it is full, too, of Shakespeare's topmost achievements in 'dramatic' poetry, that poetry which is little remarkable apart from its context, but in its dramatic context

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indefinably moving. *I am dying, Egypt, dying*, five (or four) very ordinary words and one proper name, as they stand prosaic enough; but in the mouth of the dying Antony, spoken to his royal lover, his serpent of old Nile, they are potent and poignant magic. Even the famous

*Peace, peace!*  
*Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,*  
*That sucks the nurse asleep?*

are, out of their setting, little more than lovely lines; but it is Cleopatra the queen who speaks them, robed and crowned for the last of her lovers, and with the asp at her breast. And the effect of some of these passages is yet further heightened by the 'echoes' of which the play is curiously full, a few of which are perhaps worth indicating:

Ant. *Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,*  
*And we must sleep.* (IV. xiv. 35.)

Iras. *Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,*  
*And we are for the dark.* (V. ii. 193.)

Ant. *I will be*  
*A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't*  
*As to a lover's bed.* (IV. xiv. 99)

Cleo. *The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,*  
*Which hurts, and is desir'd.* (V. ii. 295.)

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Cleo. *When thou hast done this chare I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday.* (V. ii. 231.)

Char. *Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.* (V. ii. 318.)

And, of a rather different order and less importance, such things as the two views of Cleopatra as Cæsar's 'morsel':

Cleo. *Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here and above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch.* (I. v. 29.)

Ant. *I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher.* (III. xiii. 116.)

or Enobarbus' echo of Antony's comment on his marriage (II. iii. 38 and II. vi. 126), or the three hand-kissings (II. 29-30, III. xiii. 81-5, 123-6, IV. viii. 23), or Antony's *Thrice nobler than myself* and Cleopatra's *This proves me base* (IV. xiv. 95 and V. ii. 300), or the chime on the word *royal* in the last scene (318, 327, 335).

On the two main characters opinions have differed widely. Here are a few on Antony:—"Antony is dissolute and voluptuous, and Cleopatra's depravity is congenial to his nature." "A man of the most noble and high spirit, capable at times of a thoroughly soldier-like life and full of kind and generous feelings." "The passion of Antony for Cleopatra is too obviously spurious to command our sympathy." (!) "Antony appears as the soldier and the voluptuary, swayed alternately by love, by regret, by ambition, at one moment the great ruler of the divided world, at the next flinging his future away at the dictation of a passionate caprice."

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Cleopatra gravels the critics of later ages as completely as she did those of her own. She is "a brilliant antithesis," "a compound of contradictions" or (perhaps the best example of this meaningless verbiage of befuddled bewilderment) "this glorious riddle, whose dazzling complexity continually mocks and eludes us." She is often described as a "courtesan of genius," but that phrase in isolation is fair neither to Cleopatra nor to the penetrating criticism from which it is isolated. "Cleopatra is the greatest of the enchantresses. She has wit, grace, humour; the intoxication of sex breathes from her; she unites the passion of a great temperament with the fathomless coquetry of a courtesan of genius. . . . It is this magnificence which invests Cleopatra's criminality with a kind of sublimity, so vast is the scale of her being, and so tremendous the force of her passions." Perhaps, after all, the best description of her is Enobarbus' simple 'a wonderful piece of work.' That at least avoids any of those idle questionings as to the morality or immorality of the love of Antony and Cleopatra in which one school of critics gets itself so sadly entangled.

I propose to quote *in extenso* only two pieces of criticism, both from Professor A. C. Bradley's lecture on the play in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, partly because that lecture (like the one in the same book on *The Rejection of Falstaff*) is perhaps less well known than it should be, being unduly overshadowed by *Shakespearean Tragedy*, but more because it seems to me to say all that needs to be said as well as it is possible to say it. And it is an interesting comment on the quality of the play and of its heroine that they can inspire this great but commonly austere critic to the slow crescendo and superb climax of the second extract, surely (in spite of an odd geographical lapse) as splendid a piece of imaginative, indeed poetic, criticism as has ever been written in English.

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"The first of living soldiers, an able politician, a most persuasive orator, Antony nevertheless was not born to rule the world. He enjoys being a great man, but he has not the love of rule for rule's sake. Power for him is chiefly a means to pleasure. The pleasure he wants is so huge that he needs a huge power; but half the world, even a third of it, would suffice. . . . A man who loved power as much as thousands of insignificant people love it would have made a sterner struggle than Antony's against his enchantment. He can hardly be said to struggle at all. He brings himself to leave Cleopatra only because he knows he will return. In every moment of his absence, whether he wake or sleep, a siren music in his blood is singing him back to her; and to this music, however he may be occupied, the soul within him leans and listens. The joy of life had always culminated for him in the love of women: he could say 'no' to none of them: of Octavia herself he speaks like a poet. When he meets Cleopatra he finds his Absolute. She satisfies, nay glorifies, his whole being. She intoxicates his senses. Her wiles, her taunts, her furies and meltings, her laughter and tears, bewitch him all alike. She loves what he loves, and she surpasses him. She can drink him to his bed, out-jest his practical jokes, out-act the best actress who ever amused him, out-dazzle his own magnificence. She is his playfellow, and yet a great queen. Angling in the river, playing billiards, flourishing the sword he used at Philippi, hopping forty paces in a public street, she remains an enchantress. Her spirit is made of wind and flame, and the poet in him worships her no less than the man. He is under no illusion about her, knows all her faults, sees through her wiles, believes her capable of betraying him. It makes no difference. She is his heart's desire made perfect. To love her is what he was born for. What have the gods in heaven to say against it? To



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imagine heaven is to imagine her; to die is to rejoin her. To deny that this is love is the madness of morality. He gives her every atom of his heart."

. . . . .

"It seems to us perfectly natural, nay, in a sense perfectly right, that her lover should be her slave; that her women should adore her and die with her; that Enobarbus, who foresaw what must happen, and who opposes her wishes and braves her anger, should talk of her with rapture and feel no bitterness against her; that Dolabella, after a minute's conversation, should betray to her his master's intention and enable her to frustrate it. And when Octavius shows himself proof against her fascination, instead of admiring him we turn from him with disgust and think him a disgrace to his species. Why? It is not that we consider him bound to fall in love with her. Enobarbus did not; Dolabella did not; we ourselves do not. The feeling she inspires was felt then, and is felt now, by women no less than men, and would have been shared by Octavia herself. Doubtless she wrought magic on the senses, but she had not extraordinary beauty, like Helen's, such beauty as seems divine. Plutarch says so. The man who wrote the sonnets to the dark lady would have known it for himself. He goes out of his way to add to her age, and tells us of her wrinkles and the waning of her lip. But Enobarbus, in his very mockery, calls her a wonderful piece of work. Dolabella interrupts her with the cry, 'Most sovereign creature,' and we echo it. . . . That which makes her wonderful and sovereign laughs at definition, but she herself came nearest naming it when, in the final speech (a passage surpassed in poetry, if at all, only by the final speech of Othello), she cries:

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*I am fire and air ; my other elements  
I give to baser life.*

The fire and air which at death break from union with those other elements, transfigured them during her life, and still convert into engines of enchantment the very things for which she is condemned. I can refer only to one. She loves Antony. We should marvel at her less and love her more if she loved him more—loved him well enough to follow him at once to death; but it is to blunder strangely to doubt that she loved him, or that her glorious description of him (though it was also meant to work on Dolabella) came from her heart. Only the spirit of fire and air within her refuses to be trammelled or extinguished; burns its way through the obstacles of fortune and even through the resistance of her love and grief; and would lead her undaunted to fresh life and the conquest of new worlds. It is this which makes her ‘strong toil of grace’ unbreakable; speaks in her brows’ bent and every tone and movement; glorifies the arts and the rages which in another would merely disgust or amuse us; and, in the final scenes of her life, flames into such brilliance that we watch her entranced as she struggles for freedom, and thrilled with triumph as, conquered, she puts her conqueror to scorn and goes to meet her lover in the splendour that crowned and robed her long ago, when her barge burnt on the water like a burnished throne, and she floated to Cydnus on the enamoured stream to take him captive for ever.”<sup>1</sup>

I have taken the chance offered by the present (1954) reprint to make, besides a few corrections, a number of alterations. These latter, whether of words in the text, punctuation, or stage-directions, are

<sup>1</sup> This passage is reprinted by permission of the Publishers, Messrs Macmillan & Co.

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almost all by way of closer approximation to the Folio, which I think that I earlier too readily deserted, or (in the matter of stage-directions) to what the Folio may be supposed to have intended. Attention may be drawn in particular to I. i. 50 (and note on p. 170), II. ii. 53 (and note), and the stage-directions in the first thirty-five lines of V. ii. (with note on p. 169).

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTONY,	}	<i>triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>friends to Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MÆCENAS,	}	<i>friends to Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,		
MENAS,	}	<i>friends to Sextus Pompeius.</i>
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS,		<i>lieutenant-general to Cæsar.</i>
CANIDIUS,		<i>lieutenant-general to Antony.</i>
SILIUS,		<i>an officer in Ventidius's army.</i>
EUPHRONIUS,		<i>a schoolmaster.</i>
ALEXAS	}	<i>attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
MARDIAN, a eunuch,		
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,		
LAMPRIUS, a soothsayer.		A Clown.
CLEOPATRA,		<i>queen of Egypt.</i>
OCTAVIA,		<i>sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.</i>
CHARMIAN,	}	<i>attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
IRAS,		
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.		

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Act First

SCENES I, II, AND III

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Look where they come:

10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train,  
with Eunuchs fanning her*

*Cle.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

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*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cle.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.*

Grates me, the sum.

*Cle.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows 20  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

*Ant.*

How, my love?

*Cle.* Perchance? nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar, therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? (Cæsar's I would say.)

Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, 30  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair *Embracing*  
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

*Cle.* Excellent falsehood! 40  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

*Cle.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen;  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; how every passion fully strives 50  
To make itself, in thee, fair, and admir'd!  
No messenger but thine, and all alone  
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,  
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their train*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?



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*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry

That he approves the common liar, who 60  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

*Exeunt*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius, †  
Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Alexas*

*Cha.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,  
almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer  
that you prais'd so to the queen? O, that I knew  
this husband, which, you say, must change his horns †  
with garlands!

*Al.* Soothsayer!

*Lam.* Your will?

*Cha.* Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

*Lam.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

*Al.* Show him your hand. 10

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Cha.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Lam.* I make not, but foresee.

*Cha.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Lam.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Cha.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Cha.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Al.* Vex not his prescience, be attentive. 20

*Cha.* Hush!

*Lam.* You shall be more loving than belov'd.

*Cha.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Al.* Nay, hear him.

*Cha.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be  
married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them  
all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod †  
of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me  
with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my  
mistress. 30

*Lam.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Cha.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs. †

*Lam.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

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*Cha.* Then belike my children shall have no names:  
prithce, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Lam.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.

*Cha.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Al.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your 40  
wishes.

*Cha.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Al.* We 'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be,  
drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Cha.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Cha.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,  
I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a 50  
worky-day fortune.

*Lam.* Your fortunes are alike—

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Lam.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Cha.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better  
than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Cha.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—

come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Cha.* Amen.

*Al.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Cha.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter Cleopatra*

*Cle.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cle.* Was he not here?

*Cha.* No, madam.

*Cle.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden

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A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!  
*Eno.* Madam?

*Cle.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

*Al.* Here at your service. My lord approaches.

*Cle.* We will not look upon him: go with us. *Exeunt*

*Enter Antony with a Messenger*

*Mes.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mes.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state 90

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst

Cæsar,

Whose better issue in the war from Italy

Upon the first encounter drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mes.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward. On:

Things that are past are done, with me. 'Tis thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mes.* Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force 100

Extended Asia: from Euphrates †

His conquering banner shook, from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia,

Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mes.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue,  
 Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;  
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
 With such full license, as both truth and malice  
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth  
 weeds

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When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us  
 Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

*Exit*

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1. *A.* The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

2. *A.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
 Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger*

What are you?

2. *M.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

2. *M.* In Sicyon:

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Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
 Importeth thee to know, this bears. *Gives a letter*

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*Ant.*

Forbear me.

*Exit Sec. Messenger*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, doth become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off,  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130  
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter Enobarbus*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our women. We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer  
our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it  
were pity to cast them away for nothing, though,  
between them and a great cause, they should be 140  
esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the  
least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her  
die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do

think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater 150 storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

160

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows the man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is  
crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings 170  
forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in  
an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broach'd here cannot  
be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which  
wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the queen, 180  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,  
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, 190  
Upon his son, who high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,

The sides o' the world may danger. Much is  
 breeding,  
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, †  
 And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,  
 To such whose places under us require,  
 Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do 't.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas*

*Cle.* Where is he?

*Cha.* I did not see him since.

*Cle.* See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
 Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
 That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

*Exit Alexas*

*Cha.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
 You do not hold the method to enforce  
 The like from him.

*Cle.* What should I do, I do not?

*Cha.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cle.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him. 10

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Cha.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear,  
In time we hate that which we often fear.  
But here comes Antony.

*Enter Antony*

*Cle.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cle.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall,  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cle.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What 's the matter?

*Cle.* I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.  
What says the married woman; you may go? 20  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know—

*Cle.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cle.* Why should I think you can be mine, and true,  
(Though you in swearing shake the throned gods)  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen—

*Cle.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still, †  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How, now, lady?

*Cle.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to  
strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cle.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awak'd: at the last, best,  
See when and where she died. 60

*Cle.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war 70  
As thou affects.

*Cle.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come,  
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear,  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cle.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her,  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You 'll heat my blood; no more! 80

*Cle.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cle.* And target. Still he mends,  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I 'll leave you, lady.

*Cle.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:  
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there 's not it:  
That you know well, something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten. 90

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

For idleness itself.

*Cle.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me;  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! *Exeunt*

### SCENE IV

*Rome. Cæsar's house*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus,  
and their train*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find  
there

A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are 10  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

*Car.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 20  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes  
him—

(As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours, 'tis to be chid; 30  
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

*Lep.* Here 's more news.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,  
And it appears he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less: 40  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mes.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
 With keels of every kind; many hot inroads 50  
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:  
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
 Than could his war resisted.

*Cas.* Antony,  
 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,  
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more 60  
 Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink  
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
 The roughest berry, on the rudest hedge;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps  
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: and all this  
 (It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
 Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

So much as I can't not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome; 'tis time we twain

Did show ourselves i' the field, and to that end

Assemble we immediate council: Pompey

Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly

Both what by sea and land I can be able

To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

80

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir,

I know it for my bond.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE V

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian*

*Cle.* Charmian!

*Cha.* Madam?

*Cle.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Cha.* Why, madam?

*Cle.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time:

My Antony is away.

*Cha.* You think of him too much.

*Cle.* O, 'tis treason!

*Cha.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cle.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cle.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught a eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cle.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet I have fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cle.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits  
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He 's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, 'Where 's my serpent of old Nile?'  
(For so he calls me:) now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas*

*Al.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cle.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it with  
My brave Mark Antony?

*Al.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart. 40

*Cle.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Al.* 'Good friend,' quoth he,

‘Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
 To mend the petty present, I will piece  
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,  
 (Say thou) shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,  
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, †  
 Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke  
 Was beastly dumb’d by him.

- Cle.* What, was he sad, or merry?
- Al.* Like to the time o’ the year between the extremes 50  
 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
- Cle.* O well divided disposition! Note him,  
 Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man; but note him:  
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
 That make their looks by his; he was not merry,  
 Which seem’d to tell them his remembrance lay  
 In Egypt with his joy; but between both.  
 O heavenly mingle! Be’st thou sad, or merry,  
 The violence of either thee becomes,  
 So does it no man else. Met’st thou my posts? 60
- Al.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
 Why do you send so thick?
- Cle.* Who’s born that day  
 When I forget to send to Antony,  
 Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Cha.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cle.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Cha.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cle.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

70

*Cha.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cle.* My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,  
To say as I said then! But come, away,  
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day  
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

## Act Second

### SCENE I

*Messina. Pompey's house*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Menec.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Menec.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope      10  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Menas.* Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field, a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Menas.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wann'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both,

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even till a Lethe'd dulness—

*Enter Varrius*

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis 30

A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership

Act II Sc. i

Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

*Menas.*

I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well 'gree together:  
His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar,  
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

40

*Pom.*

I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-  
selves,

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

50

Come, Menas.

*Exeunt*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## SCENE II

*Rome. The house of Lepidus*

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

10

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, sir, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter Antony and Ventidius*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:

Hark, Ventidius.

*Enter Cæsar, Mæcenus, and Agrippa*

*Cas.* I do not know,

Mæcenus; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,

May it be gently heard. When we debate 20

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus. *Flourish*

*Cas.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cas.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cas.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so:

Or being, concern you not.

*Cas.* I must be laugh'd at, 30

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound  
Your name it not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt,

Cæsar, what was 't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here in Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd? 40

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother  
Made wars upon me, and their contestation †  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business, my brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,  
And have my learning from some true reports  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours,  
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50  
Having alike your cause? of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have to make it with †

It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgement to me, but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men might  
go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria you  
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

He fell upon me ere admitted, then:  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak:  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar:  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid when I requir'd them;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up 90  
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mæ.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mæcenus.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,  
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,  
return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in,  
when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone. 110

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa: 120  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men,  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak 130  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage  
All little jealousies which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales, †  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd 140

With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand  
Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

150

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey,  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon 's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he? 160

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What 's his strength

By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea

He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we

The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness,

And do invite you to my sister's view,

Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me. 170

*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus*

*Mæ.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!

My honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mæ.* We have cause to be glad that matters are so well

digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt. †

*Eno.* Ay, sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mæ.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true? 180

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mæ.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you. 190

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 200

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The fancy outwork nature; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did  
cool,

And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, †  
And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands, 210  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied, 220  
It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,

Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard  
    speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street,  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, 230  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mæ.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never, he will not:  
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
 Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
 Bless her, when she is riggish.

*Mæ.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*The same. Caesar's house*

*Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them, and Attendants*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Oct.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square, but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.  
Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. *Exeunt all but Antony*

*Enter Lamprius*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

*Lam.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Lam.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

*Lam.* Cæsar's.  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel 20  
Becomes afraid, as being o'erpower'd: therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Lam.* To none but thee; no more but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
But he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him. 30

*Exit Lamprius*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter Ventidius*

O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready; 40  
Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt*

### SCENE IV

*The same. A street*

*Enter Lepidus, Mæcenus, and Agrippa*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mæ.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount †

Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about,  
You 'll win two days upon me.

*Mæ.* }  
*Agr.* }

Sir, good success!

*Lep.* Farewell.

*Exeunt* 10

SCENE V

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas*

*Cle.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*All.* The music, ho!

*Enter Mardian*

*Cle.* Let it alone, let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.

*Cha.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cle.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman. Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cle.* And when good will is show'd, though 't come too  
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now;

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Give me mine angle, we 'll to the river there, 10  
My music playing far off; I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up,  
I 'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

*Cha.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cle.* That time? O times!  
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience, and next morn, 20  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger*

O, from Italy!

Ram thou they fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mes.* Madam, madam,—

*Cle.* Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

30

*Mes.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cle.* Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mes.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cle.* Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony

Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

*Mes.* Will 't please you hear me?

*Cle.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mes.* Madam, he's well.

*Cle.* Well said.

*Mes.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cle.* Thou 'rt an honest man.

*Mes.* Cæsar, and he, are greater friends than ever.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Cle.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mes.* But yet, madam,—

*Cle.* I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50

The good precedence, fie upon 'But yet'!

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar,

In state of health, thou say'st, and, thou say'st, free.

*Mes.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report,

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cle.* For what good turn?

*Mes.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cle.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mes.* Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

*Cle.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

*Strikes him down*

*Mes.* Good madam, patience.

*Cle.* What say you? Hence,

*Strikes him again*

Horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head,

*She bales him up and down*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mes.* Gracious madam,  
 I that do bring the news made not the match.  
*Cle.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
 And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage, 70  
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
 Thy modesty can beg.

*Mes.* He 's married, madam.  
*Cle.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draws a knife*  
*Mes.* Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. *Exit*

*Cha.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself,  
 The man is innocent.  
*Cle.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
 Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
 Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again,  
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

*Cha.* He is afraid to come.

*Cle.* I will not hurt him,  
*Charmian goes to the door*  
 These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
 A meaner than myself; since I myself  
 Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter the Messenger*

Come hither, sir.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mes.* I have done my duty.

*Cle.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

*Mes.* He's married, madam.

*Cle.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cle.* O, I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go get thee hence,  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cle.* He is married?

*Mes.* Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do 100  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

*Cle.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence: †  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from  
Rome

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! *Exit Messenger*

*Cha.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cle.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Cha.* Many times, madam.

*Cle.* I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.

110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia; her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

*Exit Alexas*

Let him for ever go, let him not, Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. (*to Mardian*) Bid you

Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

*Exeunt*



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

### SCENE VI

#### *Near Misenum*

*Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cas.* Most meet  
That first we come to words, and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent,  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods:—I do not know  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends, since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was't  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what  
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,

10

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
 Have one man but a man? And that is it  
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen 20  
 The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant  
 To scourge the ingratitude that despitful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;  
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
 How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land indeed  
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:  
 But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
 Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us  
 (For this is from the present) how you take 30  
 The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
 What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
 To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs.* }  
*Ant.* } That's our offer.  
*Lep.* }

*Pom.* Know then,

I came before you here a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling: you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly. 40

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey,  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft, and thanks to you,  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;  
For I have gain'd by 't. 50

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:  
I crave our composition may be written  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That 's the next to do.

*Pom.* We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's 60  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot:  
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius  
Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meaning, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress. 70

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Pom.* I know thee now, how far'st thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do, for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.  
Aboard my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?

80

*Cæs.* )  
*Ant.* ) Show us the way, sir.  
*Lep.* )

*Pom.* Come.

*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus*

*Menas. (aside)* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty—You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Menas.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Menas.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me; though  
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Menas.* Nor what I have done by water. 90

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety:  
you have been a great thief by sca.

*Menas.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service: but give me your  
hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they  
might take two thieves kissing.

*Menas.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Menas.* No slander, they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you. 100

*Menas.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

*Menas.* You 've said, sir; we looked not for Mark Antony  
here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Menas.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Menas.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true. 110

*Menas.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Menas.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Menas.* Who would not have his wife so? 120

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Menas.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?  
I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in 130  
Egypt.

*Menas.* Come, let 's away. *Exeunt*

SCENE VII

*On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum*

*Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet*

1.S. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2.S. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1.S. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2.S. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1.S. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

I

2.S. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed, that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1.S. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.*

*Ant.(to Cæsar)* Thus do they, sir; they take the flow o' the Nile



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth  
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, 20  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You 've strange serpents there?

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by  
the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit, and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out. 30

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till  
then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises  
are very goodly things; without contradiction, I  
have heard that.

*Menas.* (*aside to Pom.*) Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* (*aside to Menas*) Say in mine ear, what is 't?

*Menas.* (*aside to Pom.*) Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee,  
captain.

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* (*aside to Menas*) Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile? 40

*Ant.* It is shap'd, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

*Cas.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a 50  
very epicure.

*Pom.* Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where 's this cup I call'd for?

*Menas.* (*aside to Pom.*) If for the sake of merit thou wilt  
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* (*aside to Menas*) I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?

*Rises, and walks aside*

*Menas.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else  
to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Menas.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Menas.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's  
twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Menas.* But entertain it,  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Menas.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Menas.* These three world-sharers, these competitors, 70  
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable,  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;  
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done,

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink. 80

*Menas. (aside)* For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Menas.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus*

*Menas.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st  
not? 90

*Menas.* The third part then he is drunk: would it were  
all,

That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Menas.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! †

Here's to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't;  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Car.* Possess it, I'll make answer: 100

But I had rather fast from all, four days,

Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* (to *Antony*) Ha, my brave emperor,

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,

And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our  
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music,

The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing; 110

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand*

### THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!

In thy fats our cares be drown'd,

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:

Cup us till the world go round,

Cup us till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business 120

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;

You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath

almost

†

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
night.

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony,

You have my father's house,—But, what? we are  
friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno* Take heed you fall not.

*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Menas.* No, to my cabin. 130

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound  
out! *Sound a flourish, with drums*

*Eno.* Hoo! says a'. There's my cap.

*Menas.* Ho! Noble captain, come.

*Exeunt*

†

### Act Third

#### SCENE I

*A plain in Syria*

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other  
Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus  
borne before him*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck and now  
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.  
Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. 20  
Who does it the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition  
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier and his sword  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30  
That magical word of war, we have effected,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens, whither, with what haste  
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. On, there, pass along!  
*Exeunt*

### SCENE II

*Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house*

*Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;  
The other three are scaling. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

†

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

10

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

*Agr.* O Antony, O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar': go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—hoo!—

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. (*Trumpet  
within.*) So;

20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cas.* You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Between us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

30

The fortress of it; for better might we

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well,  
The elements be kind to thee, and make 40  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes, it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide 50  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* (*aside to Agr.*) Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* (aside to *Eno*) He has a cloud in 's face.

*Eno.*(aside to *Agr.*) He were the worse for that, were he  
a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* (aside to *Eno.*) Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.*(aside to *Agr.*) That year indeed he was troubled with  
a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,

Believe 't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not 60

Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you, thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu, be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! Kisses Octavia

*Ant.* Farewell!

*Trumpets sound. Exeunt*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## SCENE III

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas*

*Cle.* Where is the fellow?

*Al.* Half afeard to come.

*Cle.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the Messenger as before*  
Come hither, sir.

*Al.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cle.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how? When Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come thou  
near.

*Mes.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cle.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mes.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cle.* Where?

*Mes.* Madam, in Rome:

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

10

*Cle.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mes.* She is not, madam.

*Cle.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

*Cle.* That 's not so good; he cannot like her long.

*Cha.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cle.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mes.* She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body, rather than a life,

20

A statue than a breather.

*Cle.* Is this certain?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.

*Cha.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cle.* He 's very knowing,

I do perceive 't: there 's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgement.

*Cha.* Excellent.

*Cle.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mes.* Madam,

She was a widow—

*Cle.* Widow? Charmian, hark.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Mes.* And I do think she 's thirty.

*Cle.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

*Mes.* Round, even to faultiness.

30

*Cle.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair what colour?

*Mes.* Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cle.* There 's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: go make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. *Exit Messenger*

*Cha.* A proper man.

*Cle.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature 's no such thing.

*Cha.* Nothing, madam.

40

*Cle.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Cha.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend;

And serving you so long!

*Cle.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good

Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write; all may be well enough.

*Cha.* I warrant you, madam.

*Exeunt*

## SCENES IV AND V

*Athens. Antony's house**Enter Antony and Octavia*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,  
 That were excusable, that and thousands more  
 Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd  
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it  
 To public ear,  
 Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not  
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;  
 When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,  
 Or did it from his teeth.

*Oct.* O my good lord, 10  
 Believe not all, or, if you must believe,  
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
 Praying for both parts:  
 The good gods will mock me presently,  
 When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'  
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
 'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,  
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.*

Gentle Octavia.

20

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Oct.*

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

30

*Ant.*

When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Er.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Er.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Er.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: 10  
so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Er.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns  
The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!' †  
And threats the throat of that his officer  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Er.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius,  
My lord desires you presently: my news 20  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught,  
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Er.* Come, sir.

*Exeunt*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

### SCENE VI

*Rome. Cæsar's house*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcnas*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,  
In Alexandria: here 's the matter of 't:  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen. 10

*Mæ.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mæ.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence 20  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people knows it, and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar, and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel,  
That he his high authority abus'd  
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mæ.* He 'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Octavia, with her train*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lords! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!

40

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony

Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come

50

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love; which, left unshown,

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you

By sea and land, supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,

To come thus I was not constrain'd, but did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd

His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,

60

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cas.* I have eyes upon him.

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cas.* No, my most wronged sister, Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore, who now are levying

The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya, Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos king

70

Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king Adallas,

King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,

Herod of Jewry, Mithridates king

Of Comagene, Polemon and Amyntas,

The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,

With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ay me most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends

That does afflict each other!

*Cas.* Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,

Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led

80

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities,  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome,  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make their ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.*

Welcome, lady.

90

*Max.* Welcome, dear madam,

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you,  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.*

Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

*Exeunt*

SCENE VII

*Near Actium. Antony's camp*

*Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus*

*Cle.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cle.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,  
And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cle.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not we †  
Be there in person?

*Eno.* (*aside*) Well, I could reply:  
If we should serve with horse and mares together, †  
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier and his horse.

*Cle.* What is 't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; 10  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome  
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids  
Manage this war.

*Cle.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done;

Here comes the emperor.

*Enter Antony and Canidius*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius, 20

That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

*Cle.* Celerity is never more admir'd  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cle.* By sea: what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight. 30

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,

Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
 Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
 Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought,  
 Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace  
 Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
 Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea. 40

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
 The absolute soldiership you have by land,  
 Distract your army, which doth most consist  
 Of war-mark'd footmen, leaving unexecuted  
 Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo  
 The way which promises assurance, and  
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard  
 From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cle.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn; 50

And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
 Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
 We then can do 't at land.

*Enter a Messenger*

Thy business?

*Mes.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should be. Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse. We 'll to our ship:  
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier*

How now, worthy soldier? 60

*Sol.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea,  
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the  
Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we  
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away!

*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus*

*Sol.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on 't: so our leader 's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sol.* You keep by land 70  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:

Act III Sc. viii

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sol.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sol.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and throes forth 80  
Each minute some. *Exeunt*

SCENES VIII, IX, AND X

*A plain near Actium*

*Enter Cæsar, and Taurus, with his army, marching*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Tau.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land, keep whole, provoke not battle  
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. *Exeunt*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Antony and Enobarbus*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle, from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt*

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer!  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus*

*Sca.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What 's thy passion?

*Sca.* The greater cantle of the world is lost.

With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scs.* On our side, like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt 10  
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appar'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoist sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scs.* She once being loof'd, †  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and (like a doting mallard) 20  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter Canidius*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

O, he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night 30  
Indeed.

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Sca.* 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I 'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. *Exeunt*

### SCENE XI

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Antony with Attendants*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't,  
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world that I  
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship  
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.*

Fly, not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards  
 To run, and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;  
 I have myself resolv'd upon a course  
 Which has no need of you; be gone, 10  
 My treasure 's in the harbour; take it. O,  
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon,  
 My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall  
 Have letters from me to some friends that will  
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
 Nor make replies of loathness, take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,  
 Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,  
 Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

*Sits down*

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras;*

*Eros following*

*Er.* Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

*Ir.* Do, most dear queen.

*Cha.* Do! why, what else?



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Cle.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Er.* See you here, sir?

30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!

*Cha.* Madam!

*Ir.* Madam, O good empress!

*Er.* Sir, sir!

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I

That the mad Brutus ended: he alone

Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

40

*Cle.* Ah! stand by.

*Er.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Ir.* Go to him, madam, speak to him,

He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cle.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Er.* Most noble sir, arise, the queen approaches,

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.

*Er.*

Sir, the queen.

50

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cle.* O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me. 60

*Cle.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cle.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss, 70  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster, †

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune  
knows

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE XII

*Egypt. Cæsar's camp*

*Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that 's come from Antony.

Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster,

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither

He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,

Which had superfluous kings for messengers,

Not many moons gone by.

*Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be 't so: declare thine office.

†

10

*Eu.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
 Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted,  
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
 A private man in Athens: this for him.  
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,  
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cas.* For Antony,  
 I have no ears to his request. The queen 20  
 Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
 Or take his life there. This if she perform,  
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eu.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cas.* Bring him through the bands.

*Exit Euphronius*

(*to Thyreus*) To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time,  
 dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
 And in our name, what she requires, add more,  
 From thine invention, offers: women are not  
 In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure 30  
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Make thine own edicts for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thy.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cas.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thy.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exeunt*

### SCENE XIII

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras*

*Cle.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cle.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,

10

And leave his navy gazing.

*Cle.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter Antony, with Euphronius the ambassador*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Eu.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

*Eu.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cle.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again, tell him he wears the rose 20  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart  
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword, †  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius*

*Eno. (aside)* Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæsar will

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show      30  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike, that he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness; Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgement too.

*Enter a Servant*

*Ser.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cle.* What, no more ceremony? See, my women,  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.      40

*Exit Servant*

*Eno. (aside)* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earn a place i' the story.

*Enter Thyreus*

*Cle.* Cæsar's will!

*Thy.* Hear it apart.

*Cle.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thy.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,  
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50  
 Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,  
 Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

*Thy.* So.  
 Thus then, thou most renown'd, Cæsar entreats  
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
 Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cle.* Go on: right royal.

*Thy.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cle.* O!

*Thy.* The scars upon your honour therefore he  
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
 Not as deserv'd.

*Cle.* He is a god and knows 60  
 What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,  
 But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* (*aside*) To be sure of that,  
 I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky  
 That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
 Thy dearest quit thee.

*Exit*

*Thy.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
 What you require of him? for he partly begs  
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

70

*Cle.* What's your name?

*Thy.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cle.* Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this in deputation;  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thy.* 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

80

*Cle.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in)  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus*

*Ant.* Favours? By Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thy.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* (*aside*) You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me of late. When I cried 'Ho!' go  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?  
I am Antony yet.

*Enter Attendants*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno. (aside)* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars,  
Whip him! Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

100

*Thy.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again, the Jack of Cæsar's shall

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Bear us an errand to him.

*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cle.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever, 110  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard  
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements, make us  
Adore our errors, laugh at 's while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cle.* O, is 't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's, besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure, 120  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cle.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal  
 And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
 The horned herd! for I have savage cause,  
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130  
 For being yare about him.

*Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus*

Is he whipp'd?

1. A. Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd 'a pardon?

1. A. He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
 Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou sorry  
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
 forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
 Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say 140  
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry,  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150  
As he shall like to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! *Exit Thyreus*

*Cle.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

*Cle.* I must stay his time?

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cle.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cle.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life, the next Cæsarion smite,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held, our sever'd navy too 170  
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.  
 Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,  
 lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood,  
 I, and my sword, will earn our chronicle;  
 There's hope in 't yet.

*Cle.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives †  
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, 181  
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls once more:  
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cle.* It is my birth-day,  
 I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord  
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cle.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll force 190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my  
queen,

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

*Exeunt all but Enobarbus*

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious

Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200

Some way to leave him.

*Exit*

ACT FOURTH

*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army:*

*Cæsar reading a letter*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal  
combat:

Cæsar to Antony; let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mæ.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction; never anger  
Make good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,

10



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enough to fetch him in. See it done:  
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,  
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!  
*Exeunt*

### SCENE II

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras,  
Alexas, with others*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius?

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I 'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said, come on.  
Call forth my household servants, let 's to-night  
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors*

Give me thy hand,

10

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
 Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have serv'd me well,  
 And kings have been your fellows.

*Cle.* (aside to *Eno.*) What means this?

*Eno.* (aside to *Cle.*) 'Tis one of those odd tricks which  
 sorrow shoots  
 Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,  
 And all of you clapp'd up together in  
 An Antony; that I might do you service,  
 So good as you have done.

*Ser.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20  
 Scant not my cups, and make as much of me  
 As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
 And suffer'd my command.

*Cle.* (aside to *Eno.*) What does he mean?

*Eno.* (aside to *Cle.*) To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty,  
 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,  
 A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow  
 You 'll serve another master. I look on you,  
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I turn you not away, but, like a master 30  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for 't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense,  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you 40  
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death, and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration. *Exeunt*

### SCENE III

*The same. Before the palace*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard*

1 *S.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *S.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1.S. Nothing. What news?

2.S. Belike 'tis but a rumour; good night to you.

1.S. Well, sir, good night.

*Enter other Soldiers*

2.S. Soldiers, have careful watch.

3.S. And you. Good night, good night.

*They place themselves in every corner of the stage*

4.S. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

10

Our landmen will stand up.

3.S. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

*Music of the hautboys is under the stage*

4.S. Peacc, what noise?

1.S. List, list!

2.S. Hark!

1.S. Music i' the air.

3.S. Under the earth.

4.S. It signs well, does it not?

3.S. No.

1.S. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

2.S. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

1.S. Walk, let 's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

2.S. How now, masters!

20

*All. (speaking together)* How now? How now? Do you  
hear this?

1.S. Ay, is 't not strange?

3.S. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1.S. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let 's see how it will give off.

*All.* Content. 'Tis strange.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE IV

*The same. A room in the palace*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cle.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come, mine armour, Eros!

*Enter Eros with armour*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her: come.

*Cle.*

Nay, I 'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cle.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well,  
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go put on thy defences.

*Er.* Bricfly, sir. 10

*Cle.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.  
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see  
A workman in't.

*Enter an armed Soldier*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love we rise betime, 20  
And go to't with delight.

*Sol.* A thousand, sir, early though't be, have on  
Their riveted trim, and at the port expect you.

*Shout. Trumpets flourish*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Captains and Soldiers*

*Cap.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable

30

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close, I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers*

*Cha.* Please you retire to your chamber?

*Cle.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony—but now—Well, on.

*Exeunt*

SCENE V

*Alexandria. Antony's camp*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier  
meeting them*

*Sol.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land!

*Sol.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sol.* Who?

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp  
Say 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sol.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Er.* Sir, his chests and treasure

10

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sol.* Most certain.



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it,  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!  
*Exeunt*

### SCENE VI

*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp*

*Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus,  
and others*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
Our will is Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this is a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world †  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa,

Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10  
Upon himself. *Exeunt all but Enobarbus*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry  
On affairs of Antony, there did dissuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's*

*Sol.* Enobarbus, Antony 20  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sol.* Mock not, Enobarbus,  
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer †  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. *Exit*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.  
I fight against thee? No: I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

### SCENE VII

*Field of battle between the camps*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. *Exeunt*

*Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded*

*Sca.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Sca.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H. *Retreat afar off*

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Sca.* We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes, I have yet  
Room for six scotches more. 10

*Enter Eros*

*Er.* They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Sca.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Sca.* I 'll halt after. *Exeunt*

SCENE VIII

*Under the walls of Alexandria*

*Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run one before,  
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss 10  
The honour'd gashes whole. (*to Scarus*) Give me  
thy hand;

*Enter Cleopatra, attended*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the  
world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cle.* Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet  
ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day

20

As if a god in hate of mankind had  
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cle.* I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a jolly march, 30

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:

Had our great palace the capacity

To camp this host, we all would sup together,

And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,

With brazen din blast you the city's ear,

Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
 together,

Applauding our approach.

*Exeunt*

SCENE IX

*Cæsar's camp*

*Enter Sentinels*

*1.S.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,

We must return to the court of guard: the night

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2.S. This last day was  
A shrewd one to 's.

*Enter Enobarbus*

*Eno.* O bear me witness, night,—

3.S. What man is this?

2.S. Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

1.S. Enobarbus!

3.S. Peace! 10

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular, 20  
But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

*Dies*

2.S. Let's speak to him.

1.S. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3.S. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1.S. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

2.S. Go we to him.

3.S. Awake, sir, awake, speak to us.

2.S. Hear you, sir?

1.S. The hand of death hath raught him. (*Drums afar  
off.*) Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

30

3.S. Come on, then; he may recover yet.

*Exeunt with the body*

SCENES X, XI, AND XII

*Between the two camps*

*Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea,  
We please them not by land.



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Sca.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they 'ld fight i' the fire, or i' the air;  
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven . . .  
Where their appointment we may best discover  
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, and his army*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. *Exeunt*

*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight*

*Enter Antony and Scarus*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit*

*Sca.*

Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
 Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,  
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
 Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts  
 His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear  
 Of what he has, and has not.

*Re-enter Antony**Ant.*

All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10  
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder  
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore, 'tis thou  
 Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

*Exit Scarus*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more,  
 Fortune and Antony part here, even here  
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts 20  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
Like a right gipsy, hath at fast and loose †  
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter Cleopatra*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

*Cle.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians,  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex. Most monster-like be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. *Exit Cleopatra*

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me, †  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,  
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho!

*Exit*

SCENES XIII AND XIV

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian*

*Cle.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly †  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Cha.* To the monument,  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cle.* To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the  
monument!

*Exeunt* 1c

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Antony and Eros*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Er.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,  
A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs,  
They are black vesper's pagcants. †

*Er.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct 10  
As water is in water.

*Er.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
(Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million moe, now lost) she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.

20

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter Mardian*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep. (*to Mar.*) That thou depart'st  
hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly; go. *Exit Mardian*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Off, pluck off,  
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40  
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!  
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go,  
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

*Exit Eros*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
Lie down and stray no farther. Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me: 50  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

*Re-enter Eros*

*Er.* What would my lord?

*Ant.*

Since Cleopatra died  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman, less noble mind 60  
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come—which now  
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:  
 Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

*Er.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70  
 (Though enemy) lost aim and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
 His baseness that ensued?

*Er.* I would not see 't.  
*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
 Most useful for thy country.



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Er.* O, sir, pardon me! 80

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Er.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee! *Turning from him*

*Er.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Er.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor; let me say, 90  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man, and farewell.

*Er.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Er.* Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death. *Kills himself*

*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
Have by their brave instruction got upon me †  
A nobleness in record: but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100

As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

*Falling on his sword*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?  
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

*Enter Dercetas and Guard*

1.G. What's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

2.G. The star is fall'n.

1.G. And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1.G. Not I.

2.G. Nor I.

3.G. Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard* 110

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *Exit Dercetas*

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
fear 120  
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls. 130

*Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*1.G.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.*

Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,  
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all. *Exeunt, bearing Antony* 140

SCENE XV

*The same. A monument*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian,  
and Iras*

*Cle.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Cha.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cle.* No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, Diomedes*

How now? is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard*

*Cle.*

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand 10

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,

Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;

Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

*Ant.*

Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cle.* So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

20

I lay upon thy lips.

*Cle.*

I dare not, dear,

Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,

Lest I be taken: not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me, if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation: I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up; 30  
 Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cle.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
 That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,  
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—  
 Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;

*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd,  
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
 Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight! 40

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cle.* No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,  
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
 Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
 Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

*Cle.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cle.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

None about Cæsar.

50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd; the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,  
I can no more.

*Cle.* Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide

60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, sec, my women,

*Antony dies*

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord?

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls †

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

*Faints*

*Cha.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She 's dead, too, our sovereign.

*Cha.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Cha.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt, 70  
Empress!

*Cha.* Peace, peace, Iras!

*Cle.* No more but e'en a woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that 's mad; then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death, 80  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
My noble girls? Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it 's out. Good sirs, take heart,  
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's  
noble,  
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:  
Ah, women, women! Come, we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end. 90

*Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Act Fifth

### SCENE I

*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus,  
Proculeius, and others, his council of war*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

*Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas,  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,  
He was my master, and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
 A greater crack: the round world  
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
 And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
 A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar,  
 Not by a public minister of justice,  
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword,  
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
 With his most noble blood.

20

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
 To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is  
 That nature must compel us to lament  
 Our most persisted deeds.

*Mæ.* His taints and honours  
 Wag'd equal with him.

30

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.  
*Mæ.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.*

O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look'd on thine; we could not stall together,  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
Thou thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design; my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our stars  
Unreconcilable should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

40

*Enter an Egyptian*

But I will tell you at some meetest season,  
The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?  
*Egy.* A poor Egyptian yet; the queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself

50

To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart,  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egy.* So the gods preserve thee! *Exit* 60

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome †  
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. (*exit Gallus.*) Where's  
Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can show in this.

*Exeunt*

### SCENE II

*Alexandria. The monument*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Seleucus*

*Cle.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

*Enter Proculeius*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cle.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cle.* Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but  
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
 That have no use for trusting. If your master  
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
 No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
 He gives me so much of mine own as I 20  
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
 You 're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing,  
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
 Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
 On all that need. Let me report to him  
 Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cle.* Pray you, tell him  
 I am his fortune's vassal and I send him  
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30  
 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
 Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
 Of him that caus'd it.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Gallus and soldiers enter behind, and surround Cleopatra  
and her attendants*

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

Guard her till Cæsar come.

*Exit*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Cha.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

*Cle.* Quick, quick, good hands. *Drawing a dagger*

*Pro.*

Hold, worthy lady, hold:

*Seizes and disarms her*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cle.*

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cle.*

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.*

O, temperance, lady!

*Cle.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,

If idle talk will once be necessary, 50  
 I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies 60  
 Blow me into abhorring; rather make  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter Dolabella*

*Dol.* Proculcius,  
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.  
 (*to Cle.*) To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
 If you'll employ me to him.



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Cle.* Say, I would die. 70

*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cle.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cle.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;

Is 't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cle.* I dreamt there was an emperor Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cle.* His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,— 81

*Cle.* His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertyed

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas

That grew the more by reaping: his delights

Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in: in his livery 90  
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cle.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
 As this I dreamt of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cle.* You lie up to the hearing of the gods.  
 But if there be, or ever were, one such,  
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
 To vie strange forms with fancy, yet to imagine  
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
 Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear, me, good madam. 100

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
 As answering to the weight: would I might never  
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
 My very heart at root.

*Cle.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cle.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cle.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

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*Dol.* Madam, he will, I know 't.

110

*Flourish and shout within: 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenus, and others of  
his Train*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

*Cleopatra kneels*

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt.

*Cle.*

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus, my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

*Cle.*

Sole sir o' the world, 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear, but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.*

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cle.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,  
 Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cle.* This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,  
 I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,  
 Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus? 140

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cle.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,  
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
 I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril  
 Speak that which is not.

*Cle.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve  
 Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cle.* See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150  
 How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
 Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust  
 Than love that 's hir'd! What, goest thou back? thou  
 shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
 Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!  
 O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cle.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,  
 That thou vouchsafing here to visit me, 160  
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by †  
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
 As we greet modern friends withal, and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded 170  
 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me  
 Beneath the fall I have. (*to Seleucus*) Prithce, go  
 hence,  
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cas.* Forbear, Seleucus.

*Exit Seleucus*

*Cle.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought  
For things that others do; and when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cas.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, 181  
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make price with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,  
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen,  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend, and so adieu.

*Cle.* My master, and my lord!

*Cas.* Not so. Adieu. 190

*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train*

*Cle.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

*Whispers Charmian*

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*Iras.* Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cle.* Hie thee again,  
I have spoke already, and it is provided,  
Go put it to the haste.

*Cha.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter Dolabella*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Cha.* Behold, sir. *Exit*

*Cle.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
(Which my love makes religion to obey)  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey, and within three days,  
You with your children will he send before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

200

*Cle.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen, I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cle.* Farewell, and thanks. *Exit Dolabella*

Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall      210  
 Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,  
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded  
 And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.*      The gods forbid!

*Cle.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: saucy lictors  
 Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers  
 Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
 Extemporally will stage us, and present  
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness      220  
 I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.*      O the good gods!

*Cle.* Nay, that 's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails  
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cle.*      Why, that 's the way  
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
 Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter Charmian*

Now, *Charmian*!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch  
 My best attires: I am again for *Cydnus*,  
 To meet Mark Antony: sirrah *Iras*, go.



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Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed, 230  
And when thou hast done this chare I 'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

*Exeunt Charmian and Iras. A noise within*  
Wherefore 's this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman*

*Gua.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cle.* Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman*

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon 240  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket*

*Gua.* This is the man.

*Cle.* Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guardsman*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Cle.* Truly I have him: but I would not be the party  
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting  
is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or  
never recover.

*Cle.* Rememberest thou any that have died on 't?

*Clo.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one 250  
of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest  
woman, but something given to lie, as a woman  
should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she  
died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly,  
she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he  
that will believe all that they say, shall never be  
saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible,  
the worm 's an odd worm.

*Cle.* Get thee hence, farewell.

*Clo.* I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

*Setting down his basket*

*Cle.* Farewell.

*Clo.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will  
do his kind.

*Cle.* Ay, ay, farewell.

*Clo.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the  
keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no  
goodness in the worm.

*Cle.* Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

*Clo.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is  
not worth the feeding. 270

*Cle.* Will it eat me?

*Clo.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the

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devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cle.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. *Exit*  
*Re-enter Charmian and Iras with a robe, crown, and jewels.*

*Cle.* Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have 280  
Immortal longings in me. Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick! Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So, have you done? 290  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell.

*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
 It is not worth leave-taking.

*Cha.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say  
 The gods themselves do weep!

*Cle.* This proves me base: 300

If she first meet the curled Antony  
 He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
 wretch,

*To an asp, which she applies to her breast*  
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
 Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,  
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,  
 Unpoliced!

*Cha.* O eastern star!

*Cle.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Cha.* O, break! O, break! 310

*Cle.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.

O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:

*Applying another asp to her arm*  
 What should I stay— *Dies*

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*Cha.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rustling in*

1.G. Where is the queen?

*Cha.* Speak softly, wake her not. 320

1.G. Cæsar hath sent—

*Cha.* Too slow a messenger.

*Applies an asp*

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1.G. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2.G. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1.G. What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?

*Cha.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

*Dies*

*Re-enter Dolabella*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2.G. All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming 330

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

*Re-enter Cæsar and his train*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last,  
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*I.G.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*I.G.* O Cæsar,  
This Charmian liv'd but now, she stood and spake: 340  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

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The like is on her arm.

1.G. This is an aspic's trail, and these fig-leaves 350  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile. †

*Cæs.* Most probable  
That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,  
And bear her women from the monument:  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these 360  
Strikes those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt*

## Notes

I. ii (S.D.). The stage-direction is given as in F, but nothing else is heard of either Rannius or Lucilius.

I. ii. 4. *change*; so F. We should perhaps read *charge* (the usual and easy enough emendation).

I. ii. 27. *Herod of Jewry may do homage*; probably with no reference to the narrative of the gospels (in spite of 'that I may come and worship him also'), but simply as the type of blustering tyrant; cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. i. 20, '*What a Herod of Jewry is this!*'

I. ii. 32. *better than figs*; usually explained as 'a proverbial expression,' which it may well be, but no authority is adduced for the explanation. On the other hand, there is surely intended an ironic forecast of the basket of figs in Act V.

I. ii. 101. *Extended Asia*; . . . the line is normal, in spite of appearances, *Asia* being a trisyllable, and *Euphrates* (as usual at the time) short in the second.

I. ii. 195. *courser's hair*; it was an old belief that a horse-hair laid in water would become an eel. (Cf. Colcroft, *Shakespeare Notes and Lectures*, where he explains the origin of the belief.)

I. iii. 37. *race of heaven*; either 'of divine descent' or 'with a "tang" of the divine in it.'

I. iv. 78. *Both what by sea* . . . ; as it stands this naturally means 'what (section of the enemy) I can at the moment confront'; but the meaning natural to the situation and to Shakespearean idiom would be 'with what force I can confront the present crisis.'

I. v. 47. *arm-gaunt*; there has been an infinity of explanation and



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

emendation; but the word may stand as it is, in the sense of gaunt with bearing arms (though this particular seems little relevant here) and emendation is perilous.

II. ii. 43. *their contestation Was theme for you*; this has, very naturally, puzzled all the commentators, and various transpositions and more vigorous emendations have been suggested. All that one can be sure of is the intended sense, that the contestation in some way involved Antony so that he could be supposed to have 'practised' against Cæsar, a sense given rather clumsily, but perhaps rightly, by Malone's adaptation of Warburton's emendation, *Was them'd from you*. And for *word of war*, cf. III. i. 31.

II. ii. 53. *As matter whole*. . . . The reading is F's. Almost all editors have accepted Rowe's drastic insertion of *not*. But if we emphasize *patch*, and remember that in Elizabethan *as* can almost equal *though* (cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 326, and this play, I. iv. 22), the sense is clear—'if you must *patch*, even when you have whole cloth to work with, don't use *this* patch.'

II. ii. 134. *truth would be . . . truth*; i.e., whereas in the present state of instability rumours have the force of truth, in the serenity which the marriage would cause even true ill news would be reckoned idle tales.

II. ii. 176. *You stay'd well by 't*; the commentators are silent. But it does not appear in the least clear what this means. Perhaps either 'you did well' or 'you stuck to it well.'

II. ii. 207. *tended her . . . adornings*; the first part of the phrase presents little difficulty ('waited on her, while she watched them'), but a deal of ingenuity and erudition has been squandered on the second part. There seems no sort of reason for going beyond the straightforward meaning, accepted by the straightforward Steevens and Warburton, namely, that the gentlewomen as they

moved gracefully (one might say even sinuously, as befitting mermaids) made a lovely frame for the lovelier picture.

II. iv. 6. *at Mount*; so F. Perhaps *at the Mount*, but I fancy that even at the cost of a hypermetric line we should read *at Mount Misenum*.

II. v. 103. *That art not what thou'rt sure of*; this phrase is as good an example as may be of a type of passage frequent in Shakespeare, more particularly in his later work, of which the meaning has to be, as it were, 'felt' in a quick reading, rather than analytically understood. Cleopatra 'means' 'it is the news of which you are so sure that deserves my anger, and not you, the bringer of it'; but all attempts to reword such passages do nothing but darken counsel. A great poet can express himself in his own poetic idiom and cannot be re-expressed in someone else's prose.

II. vii. 96. *Strike the vessels*; various suggestions; 'broach the casks,' 'clink the glasses together,' and, an attractive one by Case, 'fill the glasses to the brim,' with a transference of meaning from the sense of *strike* 'to smooth off the corn in a measure level with the brim.'

II. vii. 124. *Splits what it speaks*; an unhappily fissile combination of sounds!

II. vii. 134. *Hoo! says a'*; is *says a'* perhaps an auditory error for '*sessa*'? (cf. *Lear*, III. iv. 101).

III. ii. 6. *the green sickness*; this is usually interpreted as a scornful attribution to Lepidus of a malady traditionally appropriated to love-lorn damsels; and this no doubt suits the lines which follow, but it is hard not to feel also (or instead) an allusion to Lepidus' poor head for drinking.

III. v. 16. *rush*; why in a garden should he spurn a rush in

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

particular? Is it possible that this is not so appropriate to Antony in the garden as to Eros' illustrative action, kicking the rushes on the floor of the apartment?

III. vii. 5, 6. *If not denounc'd . . . person*; so Malone. F reads, *If not, denounc'd*. Much trouble; the natural meaning is 'if it is not expressly forbidden me, why may I not . . . ' (Malone-Deighton), but the difficulty here is the common conjunction of 'denounce' with 'war' in the sense of 'declare': another explanation is '*even* if the war had not been declared against me (as it has) why should I not . . . ' (Case), but the difficulty here is the need to supply the '*even*.' Or we may take *denounce* as meaning simply 'explain,' and retain the F comma; but then *against* for *to* is awkward.

III. vii. 7-9. Again an odd silence of commentators. There is presumably a pun on two senses of *bear* and possibly another on two senses of *serve*; but I do not pretend that this throws much light.

III. x. 18. *loof'd*; (F actually reads *looft*). This is a common enough form of 'luff,' to bring a ship's head up into the wind. But it is odd that Shakespeare should use not only a technicality but a technicality which without further explanation is meaningless, since whether luffing is a preparation for flight or for closer action depends on where the wind is. And in any case the picture both here and in the corresponding passage in Plutarch is of Cleopatra's ships having their sails furled for the engagement and then hoisting them for flight. 'The word ought to mean either 'with sails set' or 'in flight.' (Is it perhaps a verb coined from *aloof*?)

III. xi. 71. *schoolmaster*; i.e. the tutor of his and Cleopatra's children.

III. xii. 9. *his grand sea*; there has been dispute about this, and some commentators have proposed *this* for *his*. But is there any

## NOTES

difficulty in taking the phrase as meaning 'to the grand sea, which is what Antony is in comparison with me'?

III. xiii. 27. *And answer me declin'd, sword against sword*; it is tempting to emend to a characteristic Shakespearean rhythm, *And answer me, declined sword 'gainst sword*.

III. xiii. 180. *nice*; there has been some trouble about this, but I can see no reason to desert the usual Shakespearean meaning of *nice*, i.e. 'fastidious,' 'picking and choosing.' It is surely only a characteristically compressed way of saying, 'when in my days of good fortune I could pick and choose whom I spared or slew.'

IV. vi. 6. *three-nook'd world*; either as divided between the triumvirs, or the 'triplex mundus' (sea, earth, and sky), or (see Du Bartas) east, south, and west, 'twixt Sem and Cham and Japheth.'

IV. vi. 26. *true: best*; it looks as though 'twere had dropped out before *best* through confusion with *true*.

IV. xii. 28. *fast and loose*; a 'cheating game,' thus described: 'A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away.'

IV. xii. 43. *The shirt of Nessus*, etc.; Hercules shot the Centaur Nessus with a poisoned arrow; Nessus gave Hercules' wife his blood-stained (and therefore poisoned) shirt, telling her to give it to her husband if ever she needed to recapture his love. Later she gave it to Hercules, who in his death agony hurled his servant Lichas into the sea.

IV. xiii. 2. *Telamon for his shield*; Telamon was the 'surname'

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

of Ajax, who, when Odysseus and not himself was awarded the armour of the dead Achilles, went mad and killed himself.

*the boar of Thessaly*; sent by Artemis, in punishment for neglect, to ravage Calydon.

IV. xiv. 8. *pageants*; not just 'shows'; a pageant was an erection on wheels which could be drawn in a 'carnival' procession, like the disguised cars with their freight in a modern 'battle of flowers' or the Lord Mayor's show; the word is therefore exactly appropriate to the appearances of which Antony is talking.

IV. xiv. 98. *Have by their brave instruction . . .*; explanations are: 'Have, as my tutors in courage, won for themselves (upon me) a noble place in story' (Case) or 'forestalled me in gaining' (Rolfe). Neither seems easy to extract from the words of the text, or to give any particular force to the 'but' which follows. I feel that the phrase should mean 'have put before me a noble example to copy,' the emphasis lying on what they have done for Antony, not what glory they have won for themselves. But I am not sure that the words can bear that meaning. The words which follow I take to mean that Antony is not going to be a reluctant pupil but an ardent lover.

IV. xv. 65. *the soldier's pole*; this is commonly, and perhaps rightly, taken to mean the 'standard'; and in the preceding line *garland* can no doubt mean just 'glory'; but Deighton is surely right in seeing in the juxtaposition of the two words at least an allusion to the Maypole.

V. i. 65. *her life . . . triumph*; not 'her continuing to live in Rome,' but 'her presence, living, at my triumph in Rome would make it supreme' (or, if we are to press the sense of *eternal*, which may be no more than a vague superlative) 'make it eternally memorable.'

V. ii. (S.D.s at opening, and at ll. 8, 35, 111). The Folio includes Mardian in the opening entry. Since he says not a word through a long scene, and his silent presence towards the end is dramatically a nuisance, he is usually, and I think rightly, omitted. But F, though Seleucus' exit at l. 175 is clearly implied, gives no entry for him, and most editors have brought him in at l. 111, among Caesar's retinue, where he has no business. Since we must get him on somewhere, to be ready for Cleopatra's question in l. 140, I have ventured to substitute him for Mardian at the opening. (It may be observed that the parts of Mardian and Seleucus can easily be doubled.)

F gives simply *Enter Proculeius* at l. 8, and thereafter no S.D. of any kind till Dolabella's entry at l. 64. The eighteenth-century editors, preoccupied with North, who emphasizes the barred gates of the monument, elaborated the S.D. at l. 35, thereby creating a deal of trouble not only for succeeding editors, but also, which is much worse, for producers. Some S.D. is needed at l. 35. I have there inserted the simplest possible, and retained F, without elaboration, at l. 8.

V. ii. 163. *Parcel*; this normally means 'divide up into smaller parts,' and it is possible to take the phrase to mean 'add one final item to my injuries'; but one feels that in fact Cleopatra means 'fill up the sum of my injuries.'

V. ii. 237 (S.D.s). After Charmian's re-entry at l. 226 F gives no S.D.s, of either exit or re-entry, for her and Iras. Editors are therefore entitled to make whatever insertions they think are consonant with the text. The usual practice has been to give exit and re-entry for Iras only, and keep Charmian on stage. This I think is wrong. 'Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch/My best attires' (l. 227) is surely an order to *both* the women. Cleopatra dismisses Iras first, and adds an extra word or two to Charmian, who then follows Iras. It is, I think, more dramatic to have Cleopatra alone for her brief

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speech in ll. 236-41 and her scene with the rural fellow, and to have both women re-enter to array their mistress for her last journey, quite apart from the consideration that Cleopatra has commanded not only her robes, but her crown, 'and all'—which means, I take it, her most splendid jewels—so that the entry of an unassisted Iras is apt to look rather overburdened.

V. ii. 352. *caves*; ? *canes* (Barry).

[I have admitted to the text without comment a few of the best known and most generally accepted emendations. Three of these at least come in passages where the delay of reference to a note would be vexatious; I. iv. 46, where F reads *lacking the varrying tyde*; IV. xii. 21, where F reads *that pannelled me at beeles*; and V. ii. 87, where F reads *no winter in't*. *An Anthony it was*.

I have also admitted to the text a new (so far as I know) emendation, in place of the one usually accepted. In I. i. 50 F reads *who every passion*; F2 emended to *whose*, and all editors have been content with it. But I suggest that *how* is graphically easier, and gives better sense; and cf. I. v. 59.]

# Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

## Act First

### SCENE I

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
4 PLATED, mailed	18 GRATES ME, THE SUM, <i>i.e.</i> 'the news chafes me—give me the summary'
6 FRONT (forehead, and so) face	23 ENFRANCHISE, set free
8 RENEGES, renounces	28 PROCESS, command
TEMPER, restraint	34 RANG'D, ordered
12 TRIPLE PILLAR OF THE WORLD, <i>i.e.</i> the triumph	39 WEET, know
15 BEGGARY, beggarliness	46 STRETCH, extend
16 BOURN, limit	58 PROPERTY, quality
	60 APPROVES, confirms

### SCENE II

4 HORNS, the symbol of cuckoldry	112 EARING, ploughing ( <i>i.e.</i> to eradicate weeds)
61 CANNOT GO, is sterile	126 BY REVOLUTION LOWERING, diminishing by change
101 EXTENDED, seized	128 COULD, would be ready to
106 MINCE, soften	
TONGUE, report	



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Act I Sc. ii—continued

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
129	ENCHANTING, putting a charm on	169	CUT, grief
144	METTLE, ardour	180	EXPEDIENCE, haste
157	DISCREDITED YOUR TRAVEL, ‘proved you a bad sight- seer’	184	CONTRIVING, working for us
165	IT SHOWS . . . TAILORS, <i>i.e. the gods are like tailors</i>	193	GOING ON, increasing
		194	DANGER, endanger

## SCENE III

32	COLOUR, excuse	67	ARE, stand fast
33	STAYING, to stay	71	AFFECT, choose
36	BENT, expression, <i>or</i> arch so POOR, however poor		LACE, <i>i.e. of stays</i>
48	SCRUPULOUS, hesitant	81	MEETLY, well enough
54	MORE PARTICULAR, own affair	85	THE CARRIAGE OF HIS CHAFE, his furious bearing
55	SAFE, make secure	96	BECOMING, graces
61	GARBOILS, disturbances	97	EYE, appear

## SCENE IV

3	COMPETITOR, partner	33	REBEL TO JUDGEMENT, are rebels against good sense
9	ABSTRACT, epitome	39	DISCONTENTS, discontented men
19	THE TURN OF TIPPLING, drink for drink	40	GIVE HIM, make him out
20	STAND THE BUFFET, exchange blows	41	PRIMAL STATE, creation
22	COMPOSURE, composition	49	EAR, plough
24	SOILS, blemishes	52	FLUSH, vigorous
31	RATE, chide	63	DID DEIGN, did not disdain
		71	LANK'D, grew thin

# GLOSSARY

## SCENE V

line

- 4 MANDRAGORA, mandrake (as  
opiate)  
11 UNSEMINAR'D, castrated  
24 BURGONET, helmet  
29 BROAD-FRONTED, broad-browed

line

- 44 PIECE, amplify  
49 BEASTLY DUMB'D, *either* silenced  
by a beast, *or* made silent as  
a beast  
60 POSTS, messengers

## Act Second

### SCENE I

- 10 CRESCENT, growing (*with sug-  
gestion of moon picked up in  
'to the full'*)  
21 SALT, lustful  
WANN'D, paled  
23 FIELD OF FEASTS, field of rich  
pasture (*from which the animal  
would not stray*)

- 26 PROROGUE, put off consideration  
of  
45 PREGNANT, probable  
SQUARE, quarrel  
50 IT ONLY . . . UPON, our one  
vital concern is

### SCENE II

- 9 STOMACHING, resentment  
25 CURSTNESS, bad temper  
39 PRACTISE, plot against  
40 MY QUESTION, right for me to  
inquire into  
52 PATCH, vamp up  
61 FRONTED, opposed  
67 GARBOILS, disturbances  
74 MISSIVE, messenger  
80 BE . . . STRIFE, be no cause of  
quarrel

- 89 THE WHICH YOU BOTH, both of  
which you  
102 ATONE, reconcile  
133 IMPORT, betoken  
138 PRESENT, impromptu  
159 PRESENTLY, immediately  
163 FAME, rumour  
184 SQUARE, fair  
204 GLOW, make to glow  
211 YARELY FRAME THE OFFICE, per-  
form the task neatly

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Act II Sc. ii—continued

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
216	BUT FOR VACANCY, HAD GONE, but for leaving a vacuum, would have gone	228	CROPP'D, produced a crop
225	ORDINARY, reckoning	240	RIGGISH, wanton
		243	BLESSED LOTTERY, lucky chance

## SCENE III

6	KEPT MY SQUARE, stayed true ( <i>met. from carpentry</i> )	36	ALL TO NOUGHT, any odds
18	DEMON, spirit	37	INHOOP'D, enclosed ( <i>so that they could not avoid fighting</i> )
26	THICKENS, grows dim		

## SCENE V

1	MOODY, melancholy	58	TURN, purpose
10	ANGLE, fishing-tackle	71	BOOT, reward
22	TIRES, robes	96	NARCISSUS, a beautiful boy of Greek mythology
23	PHILIPPAN, <i>the name of the sword</i> ( <i>not an adj.</i> )	113	INCLINATION, disposition
38	TART FAVOUR, sour face	116	GORGON, <i>i.e.</i> the particular Gorgon, Medusa, whose face turned men to stone
41	FORMAL, normal		
50	ALLAY, water down		
51	PRECEDENCE, what has preceded		

## SCENE VI

10	FACTORS, agents	47	AM WELL STUDIED, have thought long on my debt
13	GHOSTED, appeared as ghost to	58	COMPOSITION, agreement
24	FEAR, frighten	73	TOWARD, in prospect
26	O'ERCOUNT, outnumber	78	ENJOY, give rein to, 'indulge'
27	O'ERCOUNT, cheat	83	KNOWN, been acquainted
30	FROM THE PRESENT, irrelevant to the present discussion	114	MADE, counted
33	EMBRAC'D, if you embrace it	119	CONVERSATION, behaviour
34	TO TRY, if you try	130	US'D, trained

# GLOSSARY

## SCENE VII

line

- 5 ALMS-DRINK, dregs  
 6 AS . . . DISPOSITION, (?) their  
     dispositions grate on one  
     another  
 13 PARTISAN, two-edged pike  
     SENNET, flourish of trumpets  
 20 FOISON, plenty  
 30 I'LL NE'ER OUT, I will not stand  
     out  
 31 IN, in drink  
 42 IT, its  
 50 EPICURE, fastidious gourmet  
 68 PALES, encloses

line

- 68 INCLIPS, embraces  
 92 ON WHEELS, *i.e.* fast  
 101 FROM ALL, from all food  
 109 BATTERY TO, assault on  
 111 HOLDING, burden  
 114 EYNE, eyes  
 115 FATS, vats  
 120 OFF, to leave  
 124 DISGUISE, drunkenness  
 125 ANTICK'D, make fools of  
 126 TRY, try conclusions with you  
 134 THERE'S MY CAP, *i.e.* *be throws*  
     *it up*

## Act Third

### SCENE I

- 1 DARTING, arrow-shooting  
 17 IN THEIR OFFICER, *by* their  
     subordinates

- 34 JADED, driven jaded

### SCENE II

- 12 ARABIAN BIRD, the phoenix  
 19 SHARDS (wing-cases, *and so*)  
     wings  
 26 AS MY . . . APPROOF, as I would  
     enter into a bond that you  
     will prove

- 51 CLOUD, dark mark  
 57 RHEUM, cold in head  
 58 CONFOUND, destroy

### SCENE III

- 19 MOTION, moving

184

- 19 STATION, standing still

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## SCENE IV

*line*

- 3 SEMBLABLE, similar  
6 SCANTLY, disparagingly  
8 VENTED, uttered  
10 FROM HIS TEETH, *i.e.* not from  
the heart

*line*

- 12 STOMACH, resent  
24 BRANCHLESS, maimed  
27 STAIN, overshadow

## SCENE V

- 7 RIVALITY, equality  
10 HIS OWN APPEAL, his (Cæsar's)  
own impeachment

- 11 UP, shut up  
12 CHAPS, jaws

## SCENE VI

- 20 QUEASY, 'sick of'  
25 RATED, allotted  
52 OSTENTATION, demonstration  
61 OBSTRUCT, obstacle  
80 WRONG LED, deluded

- 81 NEGLIGENT DANGER, *either* danger  
owing to negligence, *or* danger  
which we neglected  
95 REGIMENT, power of command  
TRULL, harlot

## SCENE VII

- 8 MERELY, utterly  
13 TRADUC'D, blamed  
18 FOR, as  
23 TAKE IN, capture  
36 INGROSS'D, assembled

- 36 IMPRESS, press-gang  
38 YARE, handy  
60 THETIS, sea-goddess  
76 DISTRACTIONS, small detach-  
ments

## SCENE VIII

- 5 PRESCRIPT, limits prescribed by | 6 JUMP, throw

# GLOSSARY

## SCENE IX

*line*

2 IN EYE, in sight

*line*

2 BATTLE, army

## SCENE X

5 SYNOD, assembly

6 CANTLE, piece

9 TOKEN'D PESTILENCE, the plague  
with its 'tokens' or external  
symptoms

10 RIBAUDRED NAG, wanton jade

14 BREESE, gad-fly

20 MALLARD, wild-drake

## SCENE XI

3 LATED, benighted

39 DEALT ON LIEUTENANTRY, 'sat  
at headquarters'

40 SQUARES OF WAR, battle forma-  
tion

44 UNQUALITIED, unmanned

54 STROY'D, destroyed

55 FEARFUL, terrified

60 BECK, beckoning  
FROM, contrary to

63 LOWNESS, humility

## SCENE XII

5 SUPERFLUOUS, 'and to spare'

18 CIRCLE, crown

25 BANDS, army

33 ANSWER, obey, implement

34 BECOMES HIS FLAW, behaves in  
disaster

## SCENE XIII

5 RANGES, lines (of the fleet)

8 NICK'D, cheated, or maimed

10 MERED, sole

11 COURSE, follow

22 PARTICULAR, outstanding

30 UNSTATE, divest himself of

41 SQUARE, quarrel

71 SHROWD, shelter

74 IN DEPUTATION, as my mouth-  
piece

83 TAKING IN, receiving submis-  
sion of

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Act III Sc. xiii—continued

line

- 91 MUSS, scramble, 'scrum'  
 93 JACK, fellow  
 109 FEEDERS, servants  
 110 A BOGGLER, shifty  
 112 SEEL, close (*prop.* sew up eyes of hawk)  
 120 LUXURIOUSLY, lustfully  
 127 HILL OF BASAN, *cf.* 'bulls of Basban' (*Psalms xxii and lxxviii*)  
 128 HORNED, cuckolded  
 131 YARE, workmanlike

line

- 153 TERRENE, earthly  
 157 TIES HIS POINTS, is his valet  
     (ties hose to doublet)  
 161 DETERMINES, ends  
 165 DISCANDYING, melting  
 171 FLEET, float  
 175 CHRONICLE, record  
 183 GAUDY, of festive commemoration  
 194 PESTILENT, deadly  
 197 ESTRIDGE, falcon

## Act Fourth

### SCENE I

- 9 MAKE BOOT, take advantage of

### SCENE II

- |                              |  |                |
|------------------------------|--|----------------|
| 8 TAKE ALL, 'All or nothing' |  | 25 PERIOD, end |
| 14 SHOOTS OUT, produces from |  |                |

### SCENE III

- |                   |  |                                    |
|-------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| 10 ABSOLUTE, sure |  | 24 AS . . . QUARTER, as our 'beat' |
| HAUTBOYS, oboes   |  | extends                            |
| 14 SIGNS, augurs  |  | 25 GIVE OFF, (?) cease             |

# GLOSSARY

## SCENE IV

*line*

- 11 RARELY, excellently
- 13 DAFF, put off
- 15 TIGHT, adroit

*line*

- 23 TRIM, equipment
- 31 CHECK, reprehension
- 32 MECHANIC, (?) elaborate

## SCENE V

- 14 SUBSCRIBE, sign

## SCENE VI

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>13 DISSUADE, persuade (<i>from his loyalty to Antony</i>)</li> <li>18 HONOURABLE TRUST, position of trust</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>26 SAF'D, gave safe-conduct to</li> <li>34 BLOWS, strikes</li> </ul> |
|---|---|

## SCENE VII

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 HAS WORK, is hard put to it</li> <li>6 CLOUTS, bandages</li> <li>9 BENCH-HOLES, holes of privies</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>10 SCOTCHES, wounds</li> <li>15 SPRITELY, spirited</li> </ul> |
|--|--|

## SCENE VIII

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 GESTS, acts</li> <li>8 CLIP, embrace</li> <li>22 GET GOAL FOR GOAL OF, play level with</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>28 CARBUNCLED, bejewelled</li> <li>31 TARGETS, shields</li> <li>OWE, own</li> <li>37 TABOURINES, drums</li> </ul> |
|--|--|

## SCENE IX

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 COURT OF GUARD, guard-room</li> <li>3 EMBATTLE, stand to arms</li> <li>5 SHREWD, severe</li> <li>6 LIST, listen to</li> <li>9 BEAR HATEFUL MEMORY, be remembered with hatred</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>17 WHICH, <i>i.e.</i> the heart</li> <li>20 IN THINE OWN PARTICULAR, <i>i.e.</i> yourself</li> <li>28 RAUGHT, snatched</li> <li>30 DEMURELY, with their subdued sound</li> </ul> |
|--|---|



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## SCENE XI

line

I BUT BEING CHARG'D, unless we  
are attacked

line

I STILL, quiet

## SCENE XII

8 FRETTE'D, chequered  
16 CHARM, enchantress  
21 SPANIEL'D, followed dog-like  
22 DISCANDY, melt  
23 BARK'D, stripped

25 GRAVE, deadly *or* potent, *or per-*  
*baps with modern sense*  
27 CROWNET, coronet  
28 RIGHT, true  
37 FOR, to  
DIMINUTIVES, weaklings

## SCENE XIII

3 EMBOSS'D, foaming with rage  
MONUMENT, the mausoleum  
(*whicb she bad built for herself*)

5 RIVE, are painfully sundered

## SCENE XIV

10 RACK DISLIMNS, the cloud-drift  
erases  
12 KNAVE, squire  
18 MOE, more (*Eliz. plural*)  
19 PACK'D CARDS, cheated  
39 BATTERY, stroke  
40 CONTINENT, what contains  
46 LENGTH, *sc. of time*  
49 SEAL, conclude

52 PORT, bearing  
54 ALL THE HAUNT BE OURS, every-  
body flock round us  
58 QUARTER'D, divided  
63 EXIGENT, need  
65 PROSECUTION, pursuit  
72 WINDOW'D, in a window  
73 PLEACH'D, folded  
74 CORRIGIBLE, submitting to cor-  
rection

## GLOSSARY

### SCENE XV

*line*

- 10 DARKLING, in darkness  
 25 BROOCH'D, adorned  
 29 DEMURING, looking demurely  
 39 QUICKEN, gain life

*line*

- 74 CHARES, tasks  
 78 SOTTISH, stupid  
 79 BECOME, suits

## Act Fifth

### SCENE I

- 2 FRUSTRATE, baffled  
 HE MOCKS, . . . MAKES, the delays he tries to make are folly  
 19 MOIETY, half (*Lepidus not being reckoned*)  
 31 WAG'D EQUAL, were equally balanced (*as in an 'evens' bet*)

- 39 STALL TOGETHER, be 'stable-mates'  
 41 SOVEREIGN, heartfelt  
 42 COMPETITOR, associate  
 63 PASSION, emotion  
 74 HARDLY, 'against the grain'

### SCENE II

- 16 BEGGAR, suppliant  
 83 CRESTED, overtopped like a crest (*a not uncommon crest was a raised arm*)  
 WAS PROPERTYED, had the quality of  
 85 QUAIL, frighten  
 92 PLATES, silver coins  
 121 PROJECT, set out  
 140 ADMITTED, included  
 166 IMMOMENT, trivial  
 167 MODERN, common  
 183 MAKE PRIZE, make a valuation  
 214 LICTORS, consul's officers

- 215 SCALD, petty  
 220 BOY, *because the Eliz. actors of women's parts were boys*  
 226 ABSURD, outrageous  
 231 CHARE, task  
 263 KIND, nature  
 283 YARE, quick!  
 301 CURL'D, curly-haired  
 304 INTRINSICATE, intricate  
 308 UNPOLICIED, frustrated  
 335 LEVELL'D (aimed, *and so*) guessed  
 348 VENT, ooze  
 358 CLIP, embrace

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